DC COMICS

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LOONEY TUNES

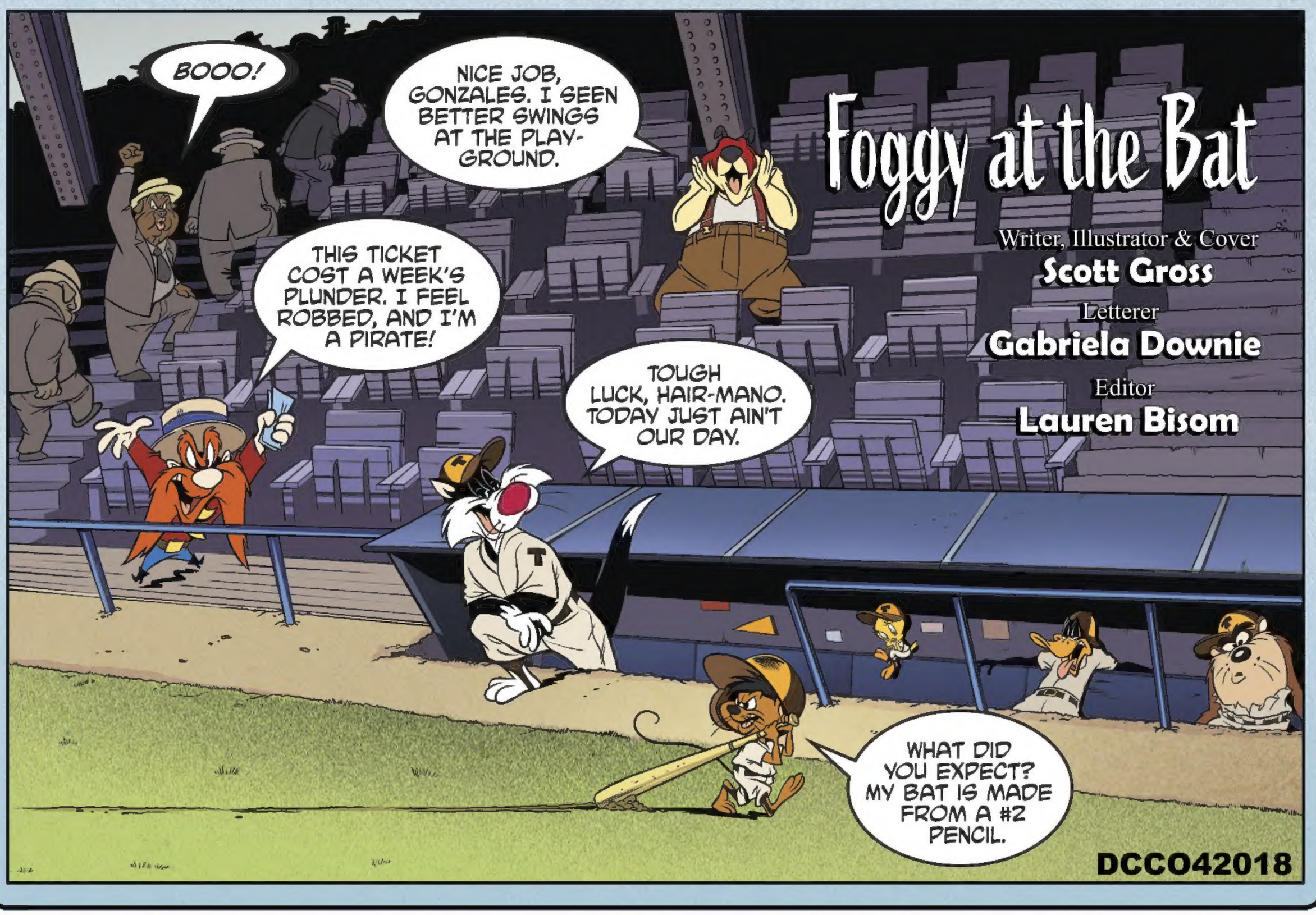
# LOONEY TUNES™

THIS STORY-- I SAY--THIS STORY IS A HIT!

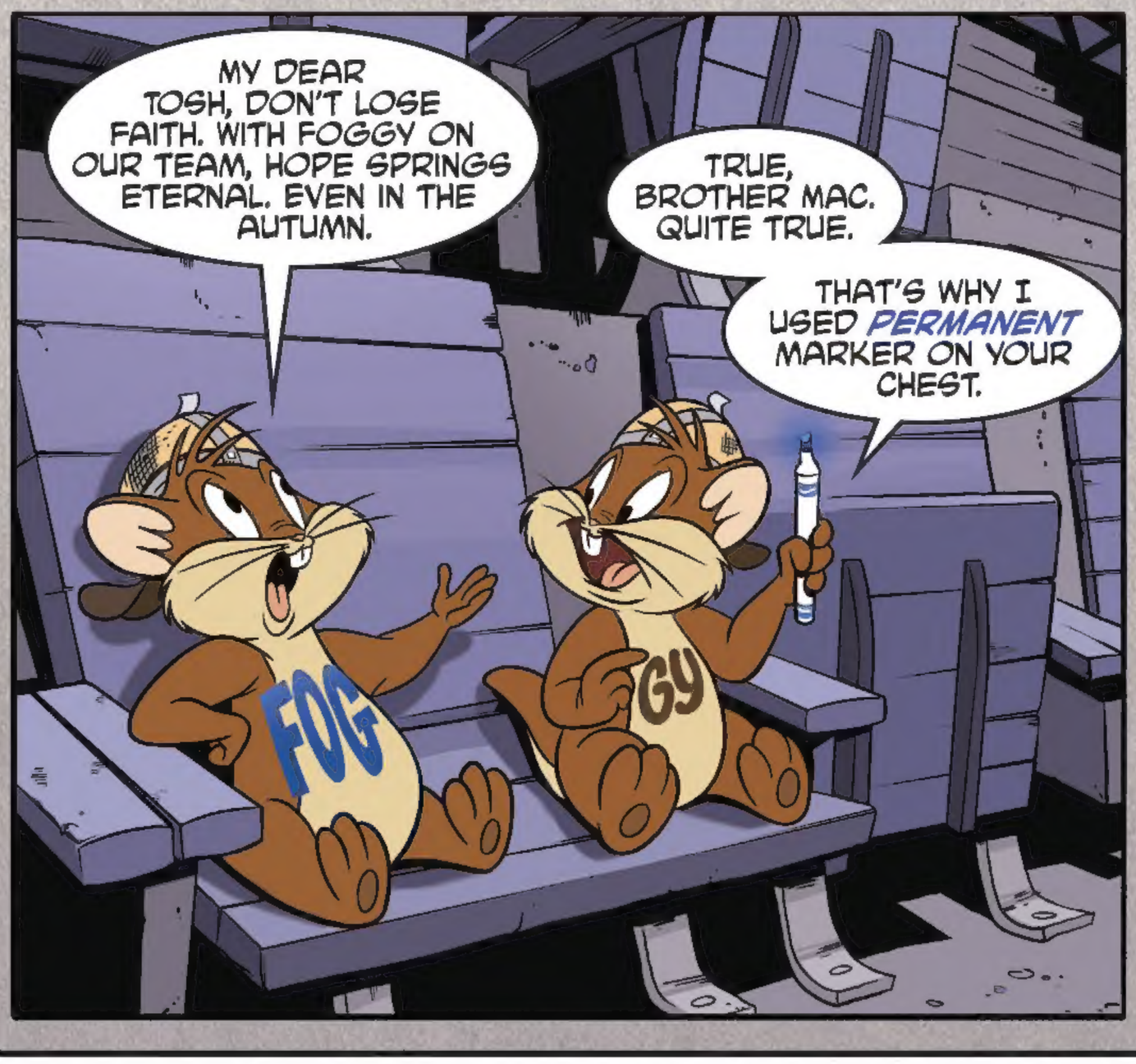
YER OUTTA HERE!

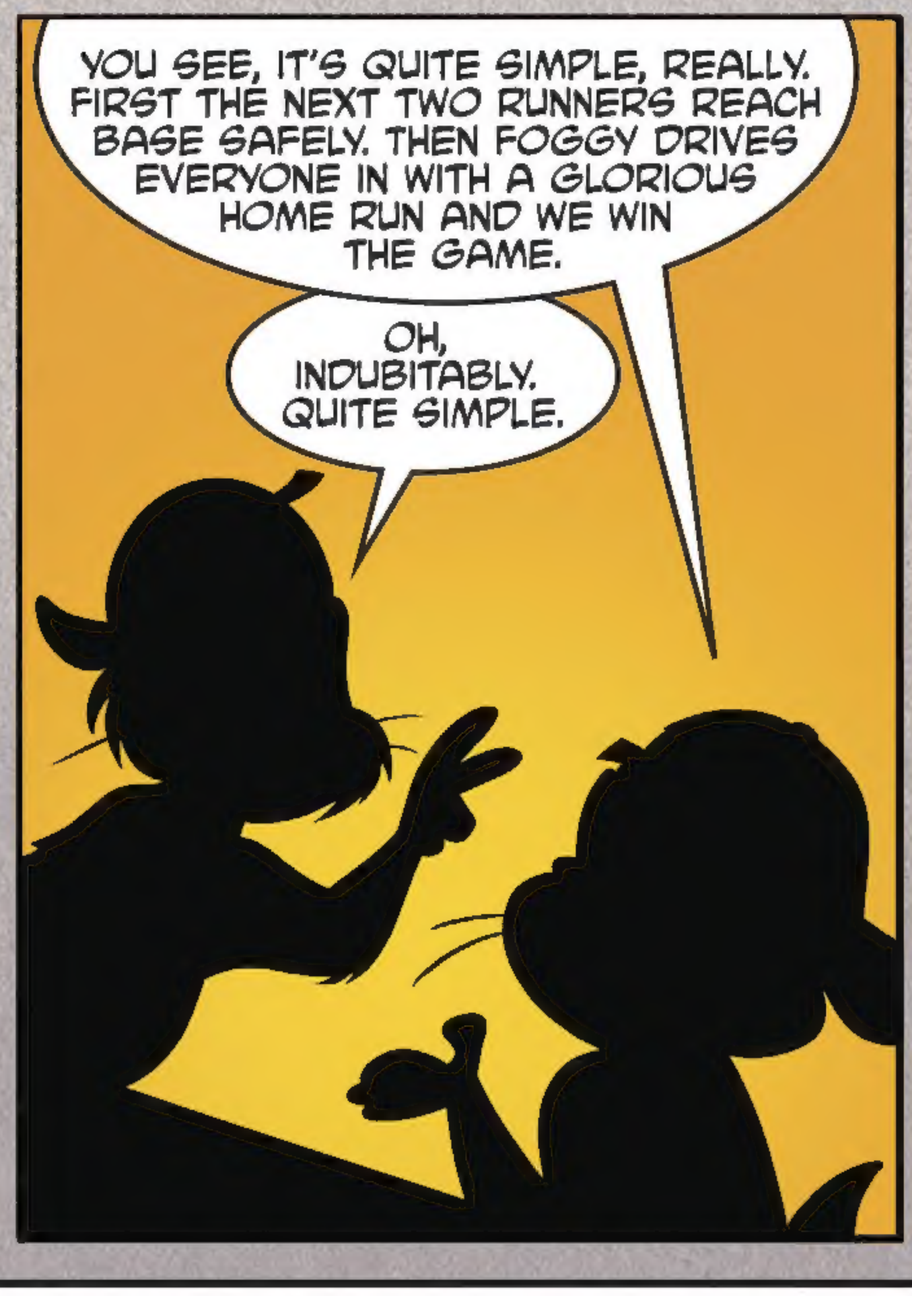
The forecast looked quite gloomy for the Toonville nine that day:
The score stood two to zip with half an inning left to play.

So when Sylvester struck out swinging and Speedy did the same,
A hum of boos arose from those who rose to leave the game.

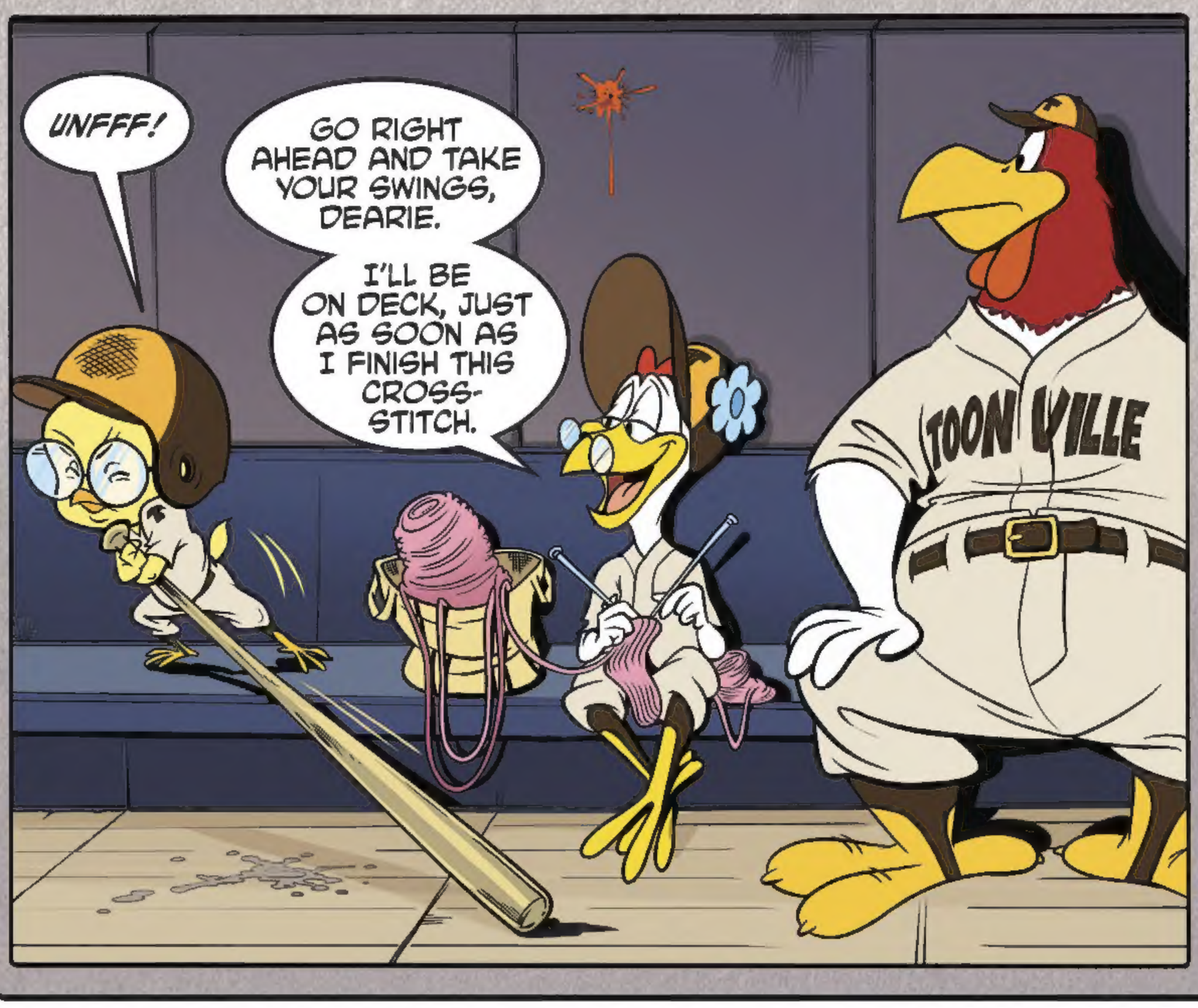

BOOO!
NICE JOB, GONZALES. I SEEN BETTER SWINGS AT THE PLAY-GROUND.
THIS TICKET COST A WEEK'S PLUNDER. I FEEL ROBBED, AND I'M A PIRATE!
TOUGH LUCK, HAIR-MANO. TODAY JUST AIN'T OUR DAY.
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT? MY BAT IS MADE FROM A #2 PENCIL.
Foggy at the Bat
Writer, Illustrator & Cover
Scott Gross
Letterer
Gabriela Downie
Editor
Lauren Bisom
DCCO42018

The die-hard fans donned rally caps and told each other that
They could still pull off a victory if Foggy got to bat.

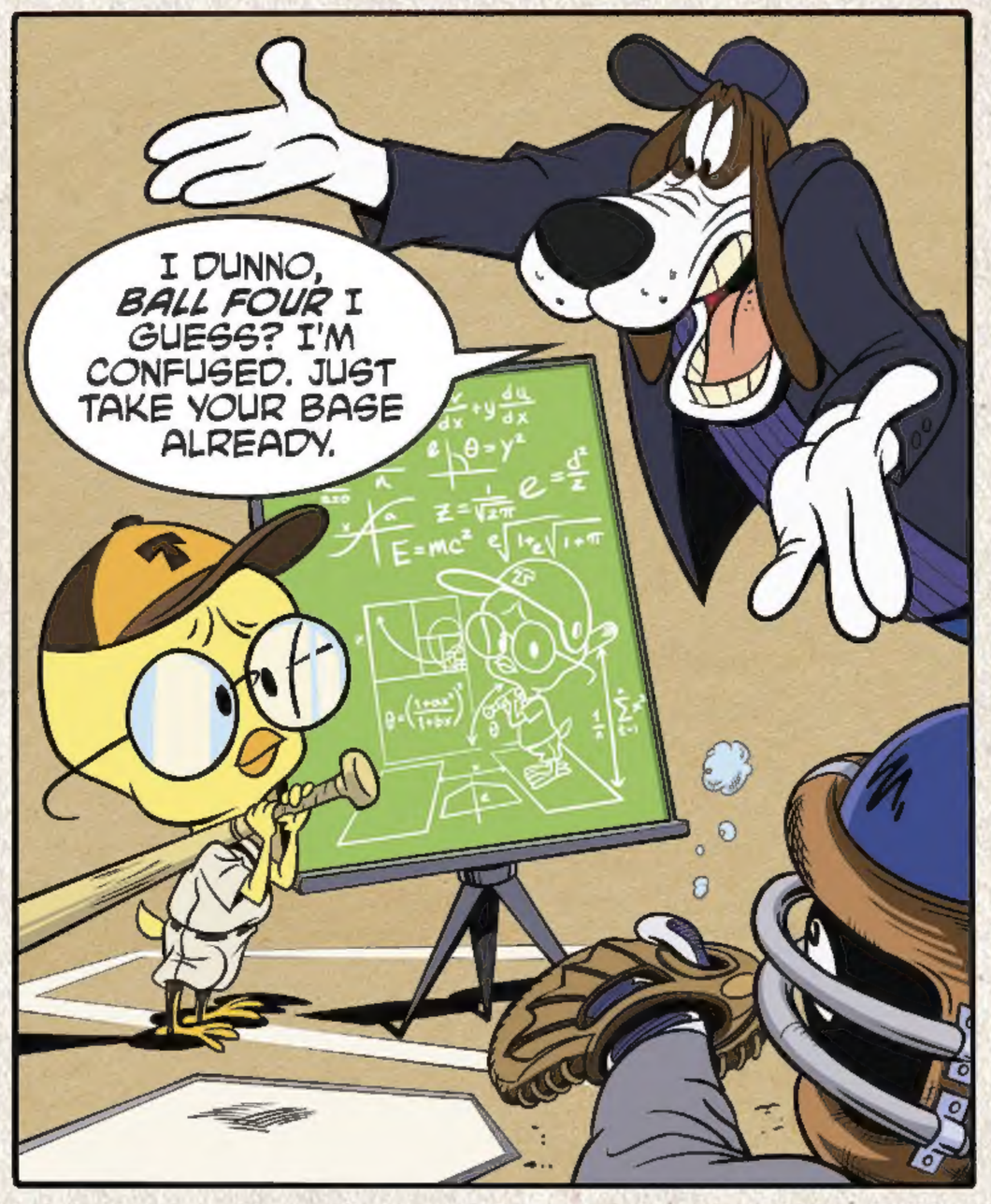

MY DEAR TOSH, DON'T LOSE FAITH. WITH FOGGY ON OUR TEAM, HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL. EVEN IN THE AUTUMN.
TRUE, BROTHER MAC. QUITE TRUE.
THAT'S WHY I USED PERMANENT MARKER ON YOUR CHEST.
FOG
GY


YOU SEE, IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, REALLY. FIRST THE NEXT TWO RUNNERS REACH BASE SAFELY. THEN FOGGY DRIVES EVERYONE IN WITH A GLORIOUS HOME RUN AND WE WIN THE GAME.
OH, INDUBITABLY. QUITE SIMPLE.

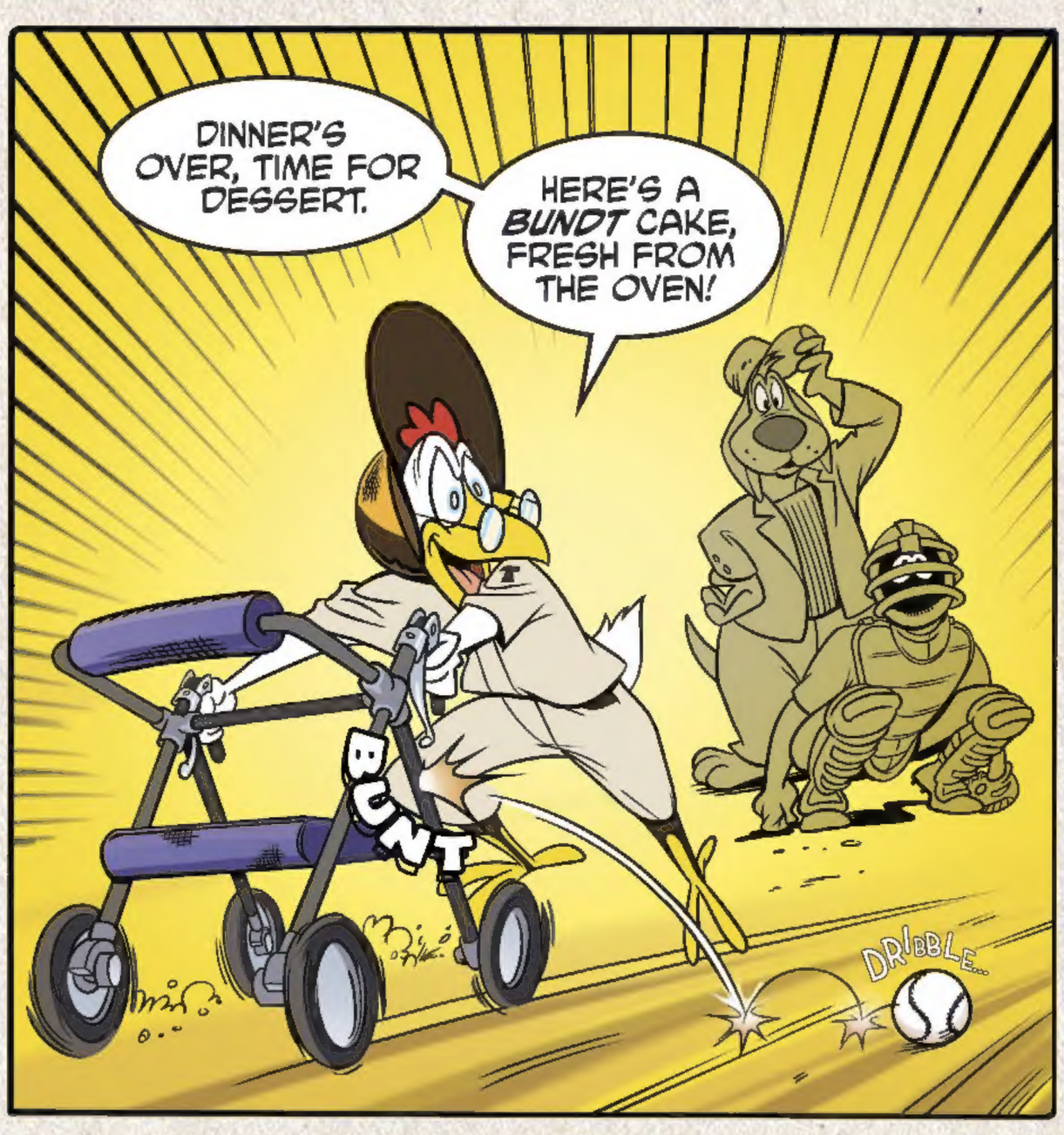
But those who knew the lineup saw the future rather grim,
Because Egghead was the next one up and Granny followed him.



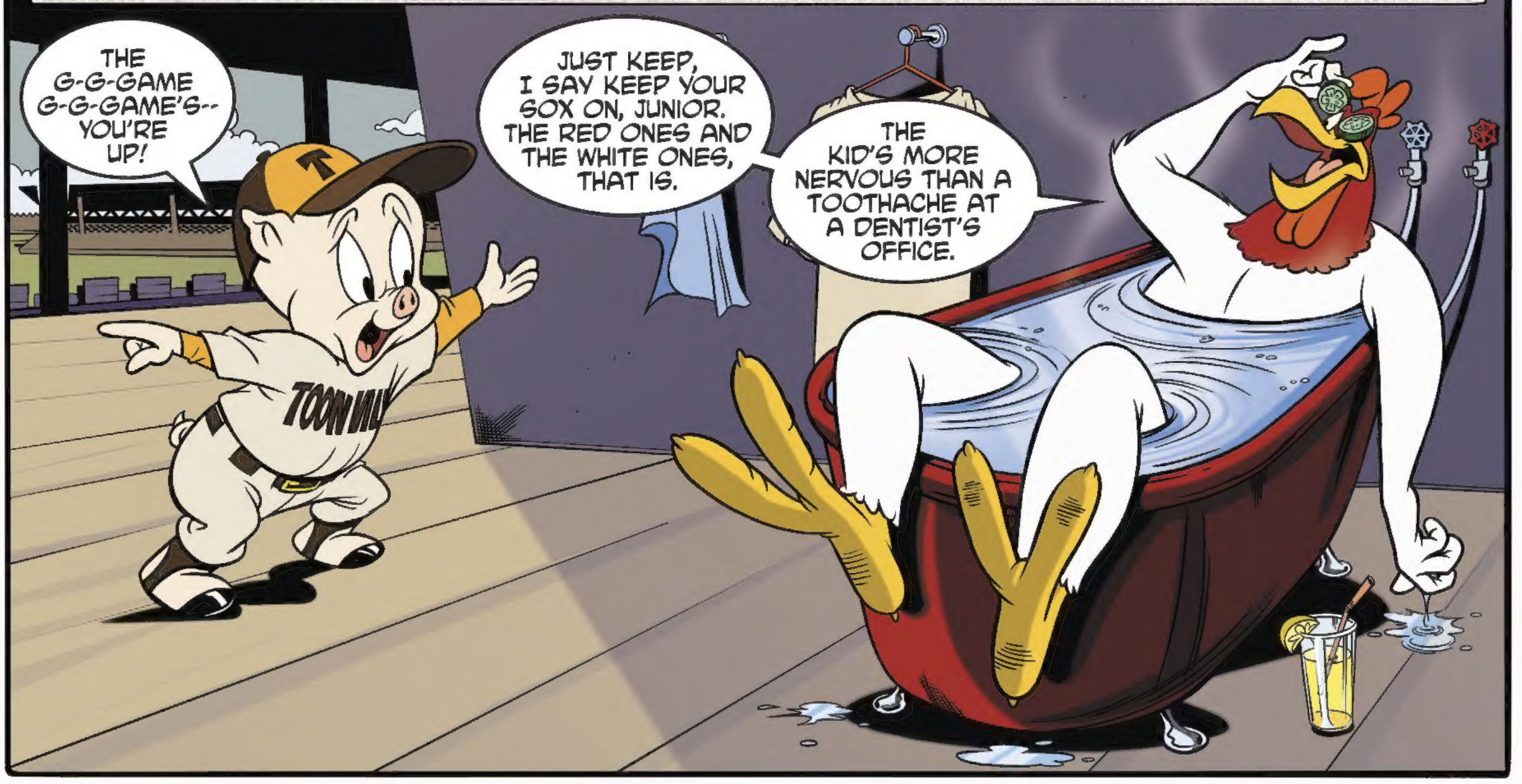
But Egghead knew the strike zone and had sharp eyes like a hawk,
So by crouching really low he worked the pitcher for a walk.




And when Granny cleverly laid down a bunt with her rollator,
Suddenly a buzz arose that made a fan of every hater.




They scrambled back into the park and rushed to find their seats.
Back in the dugout Foggy rushed to tie the laces on his cleats.


THE G-G-GAME G-G-GAME'S-- YOU'RE UP!
JUST KEEP, I SAY KEEP YOUR SOX ON, JUNIOR. THE RED ONES AND THE WHITE ONES, THAT IS.
THE KID'S MORE NERVOUS THAN A TOOTHACHE AT A DENTIST'S OFFICE.
TOON HILL

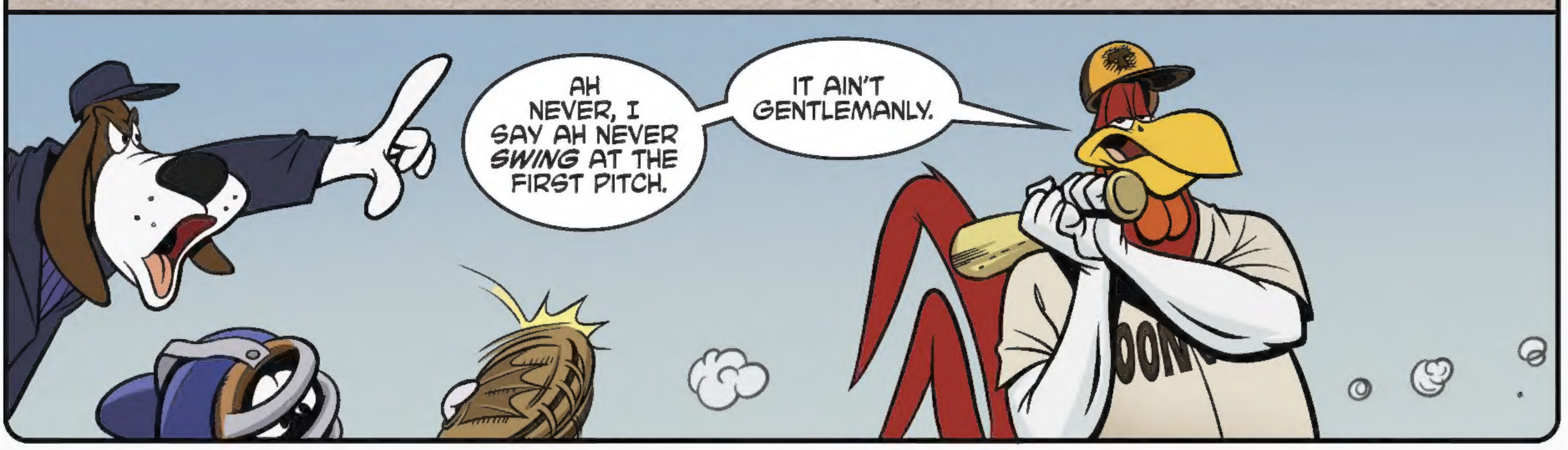
A thousand Toonville voices rose in recognition that
They had men on first and third with Foggy coming up to bat.




Foggy strode into the batter's box and took his practice swings.
On his fingers shone the gold from all his championship rings.

MY FACE SHOULD BE ON EVERY, I SAY EVERY BOX OF BREAKFAST CEREAL.
I SHOULD BE DOING MOVIES. AND THEY HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN INVENTED YET!
SOMEBODY FIRE MY AGENT. HE'S AS USELESS AS A SHOVEL ON A SAILBOAT.
WIN OR LOSE, I'M A-LEAVING HERE WITH SOMETHING.

But the bat sat on his shoulder as if his work was done
When the ball sped past his belt and the umpire yelled, "Strike One!"



Then Foggy yawned and casually knocked the dirt off from his shoe. The next pitch was straight and true. Now the count was oh and two.

At this point the mood inside the ballpark darkly changed. In the stands they questioned loudly whether Foggy was deranged.

NOTHING WORSE, I SAY NOTHING WORSE THAN WHEN YOU STEP ON CHEWING GUM.

STEEERIKE TWO!

TOONVI

SMACK!

ZIP

IT JUST PROVES THE MATTER: YOU PAY A GUY ALL THAT MONEY AND NOW HE GETS LAZY.

INDOLENCE IS THE PRICE OF WEALTH, DEAR BROTHER. OH, HOW WE SUFFER.

He raised his index finger and pointed yonder past the fence. The fans got so excited they ordered up more refreshments.

FLASH!

LEMONADE! LEMONADE HEEERE? NO ICE OF COURSE, THAT MELTED IN THE FIFTH. BUT STILL. LEMONADE.

FLASH!

FLASH!

TOONVILLE

WHAT A GAME! I'M BUYING EVERYBODY IN THIS SECTION A LEMONADE.

ONE LEMONADE. FOR EVERYBODY-- HAR HAR HAR HAR!

As the pitcher kicked his leg and sent that third pitch toward the plate,
He probably expected that his team would celebrate.

THIS IS GONNA BE THE BEST AFTER-PARTY EVER.

THEY'RE GONNA HAVE SAUSAGE STICKS. THE KIND WITH *CHEESE* IN THEM...

But Foggy gripped a mighty bat between his iron hands.
And when he swung, it made things clear that he had other plans.

HOOO-- I SAY--HOOOO NELLY!

FOUR HUNDRED YARDS, STRAIGHT DOWN THE FAIRWAY.

FLASH!

CRACK!

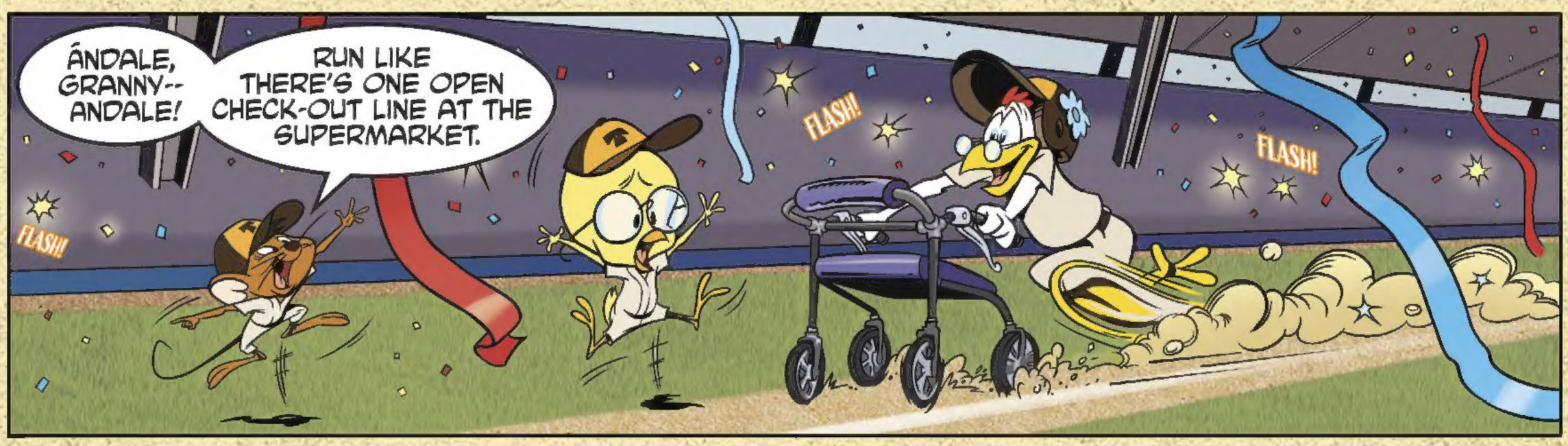
FLASH!

WAIT, WE AIN'T IN PEBBLE BEACH. WHERE, I SAY, WHERE AM I?

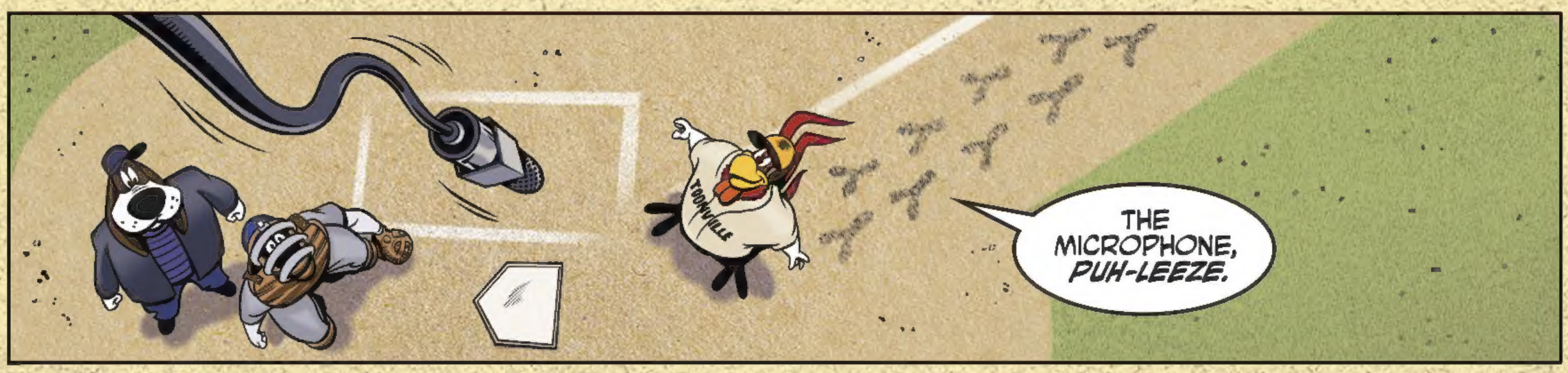
FLASH!

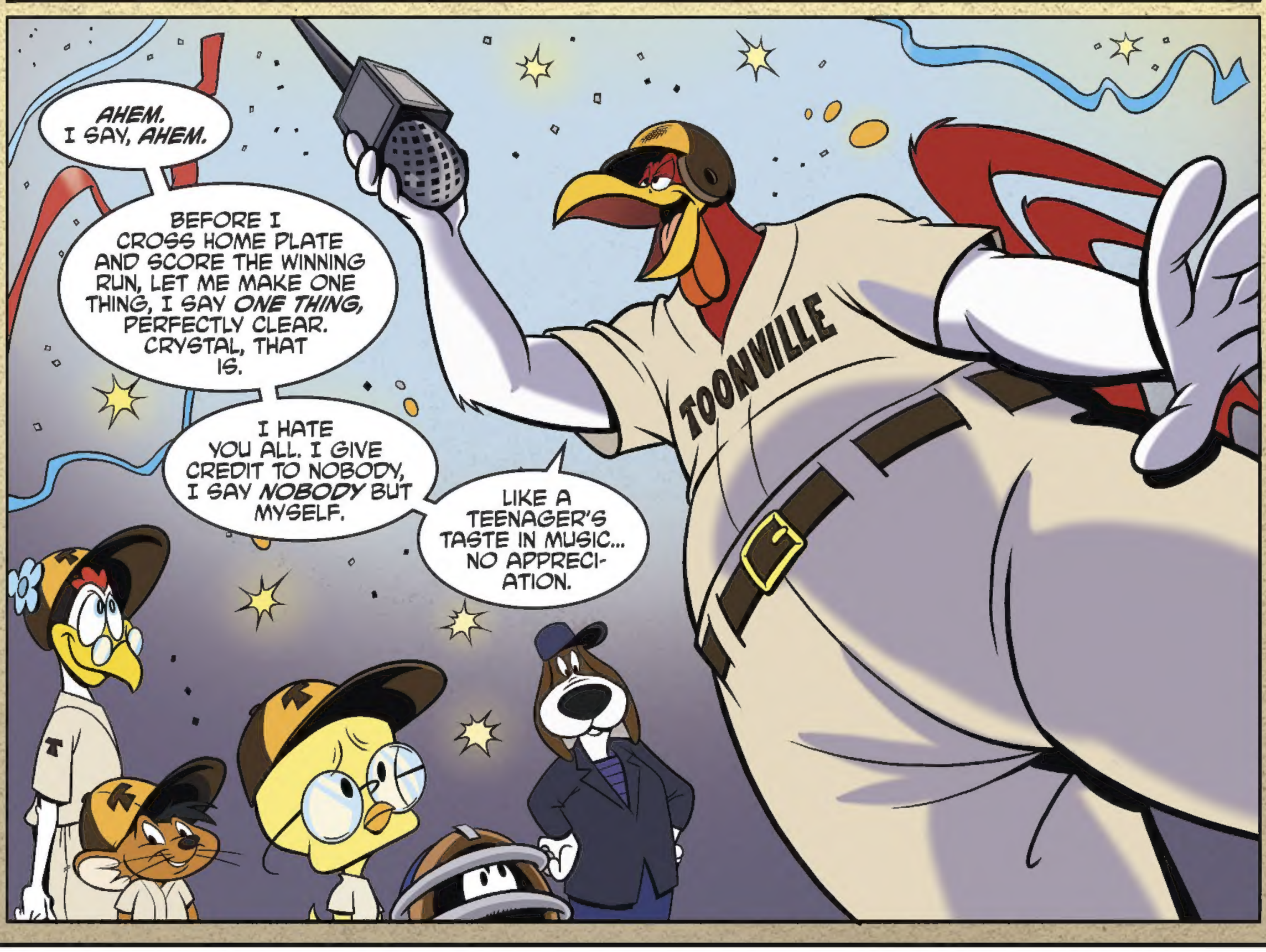
THIS IS SOME STRONG STUFF.

The hit drove Egghead home from third. The score was two to one.
Then Granny scored and tied things up and Toonville wasn't done.




But Foggy walked around the bases, and stopped with home in reach.
That's when a mic fell from the sky and he made his famous speech.





*AHEM.* I SAY, *AHEM.*
BEFORE I CROSS HOME PLATE AND SCORE THE WINNING RUN, LET ME MAKE ONE THING, I SAY *ONE THING,* PERFECTLY CLEAR. CRYSTAL, THAT IS.
I HATE YOU ALL. I GIVE CREDIT TO NOBODY, I SAY *NOBODY* BUT MYSELF.
LIKE A TEENAGER'S TASTE IN MUSIC... NO APPRECI-ATION.
TOONVILLE

Oh, somewhere in the baseball world
Fans are smiling with delight,
But there was no joy in Toonville
As the day turned into night.

For as he stepped to cross home plate,
Down on the field they heard a shout.
Up popped Bugs from underground
And tagged the mighty Foggy out.

EH... WHAT'S UP, DOC?

I HEARD YOU CHARGE TWENTY BUCKS FOR AN AUTOGRAPH. I'LL GIVE YOU TEN AND I BROUGHT MY OWN BALL.

YEEERRR OUT!

TAG

OF ALL THE COTTON-PICKIN', SPITBALLIN', DOUBLE-CROSSIN', NO-GOOD, PINE TAR, MIDDLE-OF-A-BATH...

POP!

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

WHOA!! WAS THAT A MONSTER NOLLIE OLLIE BUTTER FLIP SCRAMBLED EGGS IMPOSSIBLE?

GGGRRRIND

NO, DUDE! THAT WAS A YO-YO FAKIE GRIND MONGO GOOFY KICK FLIP WITH A BAG OF PRETZELS ON THE BACKSIDE!

FLIP

SPORTS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE, I TELL YA. IN *MY* DAY YOU HAD TO HIT A BALL, SHOOT A BASKET--DO SOMETHING WITH SKILL! TODAY KIDS ROLL AROUND ON A WOOD BOARD AND THEY CALL IT A SPORT.

I KNOW ONE THING, JACK, IT DOESN'T TAKE ANY TALENT JUST TO STAND UP.

BRICK

BANG

CRACK

CRASH

DID YOU SEE *THAT* TRICK?

*WHAT'S* IT CALLED?

*STAIR CRASHING?*

*LEDGE TRIPPING?*

*FREESTYLE FALLING?*

# DAFFY DUCK & PORKY PIG EXTREME DORKS

**SCOTT GROSS** writer
**OMAR ARANDA** penciller
**ALBERTO SAICHANN** inker
**JOHN J. HILL** letterer
**DAVID TANGUAY** colorist
**GLUCKSTERN & RICHARDS** editors

NO, REALLY, FELLAS. HE D-D-DIDEE-DIDN'T D-D-D-O IT ON P-P-URP--IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT.

QUIET, HAM-FOR-BRAINS-- OF COURSE I DID IT ON PURPOSE!

IT'S CALLED THE *DAFFY DIVE!*

IF I'VE SAID IT ONCE, I'VE SAID IT A THOUSAND TIMES, SWING THROUGH THE DIVE!

CHECK IT OUT--DOUBLE D'S GONNA TAKE A DIVE!

*WOOHOO!* CRACK A SKULL DA-FAY!

DUDE, I WAS DAFFY DIVING WHEN YOU WERE STILL SKATEBOARDING.

DUDE! I WAS DAFFY DIVING WHEN YOU WERE ON TRAINING WHEELS!

FRACTURE

DAFFY DIVE SPORTS BALM

FROSTED DAFFY

DAFFY DIVE

DAFFY DIVE OR DIE

DAFFY'S EXTREME DIVER 2K7

DAFFY DIVE

SPIELBEAK WANTS TO DO LUNCH? TELL HIM I'M TRYING TO RUN A BUSINESS HERE!

D-D-DON'T YOU WORRY THAT THIS WHOLE THING CAN'T P-P-P-POSSIBLY LAST FOREVER?

I MEAN, ISN'T A DAFFY DIVE REALLY JUST LETTING GRAVIT-T-T-TEE-- BASICALLY JUST FALLING DOWN?

LOOK HERE, P.T. BACON--I'M TURNING THIS DIVING GIMMICK HERE INTO A SMALL MEDIA EMPIRE! PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT A FRAGRANCE LINE, TOURING JAPAN, REALITY TV--

DAFFY

I'M MOVING TWENTY-SIX HUNDRED UNITS OF MERCHANDISE EVERY WEEK!!!

SO LEARN HOW TO WORK, KID--OR KEEP YOUR SNOUT SHUT!

*ELSEWHERE IN THE PARK AT THAT VERY MOMENT...*

STUMBLE

WHOOP

KICK

HEY NOW!

*AWESOME!* HE'S *NOT* BLEEDING!

THAT WAS *SOOO* MUCH *COOLER* THAN A DAFFY DIVE.

I KNOW, THE DAFFY DIVE IS *SOOO* OVER.

*WHOSE* DUMB IDEA WAS IT ANYWAY TO FALL DOWN A FLIGHT OF STAIRS?

MY KINGDOM HAS CRUMBLED.

A LIFETIME OF STRUGGLE, REDUCED TO RUBBLE.

C'MON, M-M-MALLARD HUGHES, LET'S GET YOU SOME FRESH AIR.

I'M NOTHING *AGAIN*, JUST A ROTTEN-LUCK DUCK.

20 YEARS FROM NOW, WILL ANYONE REMEMBER THE DAFFY DIVE?

*NO!* I'LL BE LIKE PAISLEY TIES, POMPADOURS, AND POODLE SKIRTS--AN EMBARRASSMENT!

BANG

CRACK

CRASH

BRICK

I *NEVER* SEEN THAT MOVE BEFORE. WHAT'S IT CALLED?

OH, THAT!? HA-HAAA! THAT'S THE *DAFFY DROP!*

OH N-NN-NO, NOT AGAIN...

HEY MAN, THAT WAS *REAL* FRESH!

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

HAZEL

WE WITCHES ARE NOTORIOUS HOARDERS, YOU KNOW. I'VE NEVER FOUND A SPIDER LEG OR DORSAL FIN I COULD EVER PART WITH...

EVEN *AFTER* THEY START TO SMELL.

EEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!

EEEHHH... DON'T MENTION IT, HAZEL. AFTER SEEING WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR KITCHEN, A WARTHOG PRESERVED IN A JAR OF LIZARD BREATH DOESN'T FRIGHTEN ME *ONE BIT.*

*WOW, LOOK AT THIS OLD TRUNK!* WHAT'S ALL THIS STUFF, HAZEL?

SPELLS

OOH, THAT ALL BELONGED TO MY GREAT *AUNT KATZENJAMMER...*

SHE WAS A FIERY OLD HAG WHO LOVED HER SKATING.

EEEHEEHEEHEEHEEE!

*AUNTIE JAMMER* ORGANIZED FUNDRAISERS AT THE ROLLER RINK DURING THE WAR YEARS TO RAISE MONEY FOR *THE COVEN GUILD.*

LOS SCANDALOUS ARENA

PRESENTS

ROLLER DERBY

THOSE WERE THE BARNSTORMING DAYS, DEARIE. AUNTIE JAMMER'S TEAM WAS CALLED THE *AIR RAID SIRENS* AND, OOH, DID THEY TOUR THE Gglobe: ... *THE PHILIPPINES... SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS...*

THOSE WITCHES ROLLED SO HARD THEY COULD MAKE AN 18-WHEELER CHANGE LANES!

DAY, OCTOBER 31

7:59 PM

WILL CALL ONLY

TAKE THE SKATES, DEARIE. IF YOU PUT THEM TO USE YOU MIGHT JUST DISCOVER THE SPIRIT OF *AUNTIE JAMMER* STILL INSIDE!

WELL, BUGS, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE ME ROLLER SKATING TOMORROW AND FIND OUT.

OH BRUUUTHER...

I GOTTA TALK TO GRANNY ABOUT GETTING ONE A, DEEZ OVALS INSTALLED IN MY *BIRDCAGE.*

MEEP MEEP! THTHTTPPP!

ANDALE, AMIGOS, THE GAP BETWEEN FOGHORN'S TEETH EEZ THE GOAL!

GAARRBLDDGRR!!

NOW WAIT JUST, I SAY, WAIT JUST ONE-

CRASH

BUGS & LOLA IN

# "THE DAY DERBY ALMOST DIED"


By Scott Gross

Colorist - Heroic Age  Letterer - Dezi Sienty

Editor - Chynna Clugston Flores


BUGS, THE ONLY *PHYSICAL CONTACT* YOU KNOW ABOUT HAPPENS WHEN YOUR FURRY TAIL HITS THE LIVING ROOM SOFA.

I MEAN, *C'MON, LOLA*-THIS AIN'T EXACTLY A MAN'S SPORT. THERE AIN'T NO *BALL*, AND THERE *AIN'T* NO *PHYSICAL CONTACT.*

I BET YOU'RE IN FOR A BETTER WORKOUT THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR.

LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN *TAKE IT, BUNNY.*

THIS IS SO SWEET, BUGS. DOESN'T IT REMIND YOU OF SEVENTH-GRADE AFTER-PROM?

YOU MEAN WHEN YOU DITCHED ME TO SKATE WITH THE OLDER GUYS FROM THE HOCKEY TEAM?

YEAH, THAT WAS AWESOME!

SWOOP

SMASH

CHECK

OOOH!!

ALL RIGHT, KIDDIES, LISTEN UP! I'M *YOSEMITE SLAM* AND WE'RE *THE EIGHT-WHEEL HEELS.*

AS OF NOW THIS RINK IS CLOSED FOR A PRIVATE PARTY, AND *NOBODY'S* INVITED.

BURST

EXIT

SO HIKE UP YOUR STOCKINGS, LADIES, AND ROLL ON OUTTA HERE!

LOOKHERE SON, I'M FLAGGING YOU I SAY I'M FLAGGING YOU FOR A MAJOR.

IF ANYBODY'S GONNA HIP-CHECK ONE OF OUR DAMES LIKE THAT, IT'S GONNA BE US!

Y-Y-Y-YY-YEAH-US!

RAAWWRGRB-US!!

ZIP

DOOP.

GRAB

SQUEEZE

TWIST

CREAK

TOSS

...'COURSE, WHO AM I TO INTERFERE WITH A MAN'S RIGHT TO 'XPRESS HIS-SELF...?

GRRAAWW, EXCUSE US...

HEY REF, HOWBOUT A P-P-P-PPEN-PENAL-BLOW THE WHISTLE!

JUST HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, GINGERVITIS. YOU CAN'T JUST CREEP IN HERE AND KICK US OUT.

WE'VE BEEN COMING TO THE ROLLER RINK OUR WHOLE LIVES. THIS TRACK ISN'T JUST BUILT FROM NAILS AND WOOD, BUT FROM BENT HOOVES AND TWISTED WHISKERS AT SUNDAY JAMS AND MIDNIGHT SKATES—SINCE I WAS A BUNNY.

YEARS AGO THE AIR RAID SIRENS SKATED HERE AND NO PINT-SIZED PIRATE AND HIS GANG OF GOOFY GOONS IS GONNA SCARE US AWAY.

IF YOU WANT US OUT OF HERE, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SKATE US OUT. ONE JAM-MY TEAM AGAINST YOURS.

WHO'S WITH ME?!

I'M PENELOPE BRUZ AND I RECYCLE BLOCKERS LIKE ALUMINUM CANS.

I'M PETUNIA OUT AND I TUNE-OUT A JAMMER LIKE A BAD COUNTRY STATION.

BLAH BLAH BLAH GRABLH!

AND OF COURSE I CAN COUNT ON MY BOYFRIEND, KING KONG BUNNY. 235 POUNDS OF MUSCLE, HIGH OCTANE AND BAD ATTITUDE. RIGHT, HONEY?

SHE EXAGGERATES ....I'M A NOOB, I SWEAR...

OK, LITTLE LADY - YOU'RE ON. ONE JAM, WINNER GETS TO STAY IN THE RINK, LOSER GETS LOST.

GULP.

WELCOME, FANS! A CAPACITY CROWD IS ON HAND HERE TONIGHT FOR AN EPIC DERBY BATTLE: ONE JAM FOR ALL THE BALL BEARINGS.

SIRENS 0
HEELS 0

YOSEMITE SLAM AND HIS TEAM ARE LOOKING FIERCE, READY TO TAKE THE RINK FOR THEMSELVES AND LOCK LOLA AND HER FRIENDS OUT FOR GOOD.

TO DEFEND THE HOME TURF LOLA HAS REUNITED A TEAM FAMILIAR TO GOLDEN-AGE DERBY FANS - THE AIR RAID SIRENS! WILL THE SPIRIT OF OLD GRIZELDA KATZENJAMMER BE ENOUGH TO SAVE THE RINK?

THEY'RE AT THE STARTING LINE, GOSSAMORRAH LEADING THE JAM FOR THE HEELS, HOLY ROLA FOR THE SIRENS.

NO PRISONERS!!! NO PRISONERS!!!

TTHHWEEE!!

AND... WE'RE... JAMMING!

NOOOOOO...

CHECK

CRASH

HEY!?!

SPILL

OOH, A CRUSHING CROSS-CHECK FROM GOSSOMORRAH SENDS HOLY ROLA INTO THE GUARDRAIL!

SIRENS 0
HEELS 3

WE'RE UNDERWAY HERE AT THE ROLLER RINK AND AFTER A BRIEF GLIMMER OF HOPE FOR THE SIRENS, THE HEELS ARE NOW FIRMLY IN CONTROL AND ON THE POWER JAM.

EVERY SIREN BLOCKER THAT **GOSSOMORRAH** PASSES MEANS ANOTHER POINT FOR THE HEELS, AND PUTS **HOLY ROLA** EVEN DEEPER INTO THE HOLE.

WHEN *GOSSAMER* WAS A BOY ON MARS HE WOULD SKATE FROM SUNUP TO SUNDOWN. MMHMM, YES...37 HOURS A DAY.

THOOMP THOOMP THOOMP THOOMP

THINGS DON'T LOOK GOOD FOR THE SIRENS.

HUFF... PUFF... WHEEZE... .WHINE .... .MEDIC?...

*AUNT JAMMER*, IF YOU'RE REALLY OUT THERE, I NEED YOU NOW.

I RESURRECTED THE SIRENS TO TRY AND SAVE THE ROLLER RINK, BUT THINGS DIDN'T TURN OUT LIKE I HOPED. NOW WE'RE ABOUT TO LOSE THE WHOLE THING.

IT'S GOING TO TAKE A MIRACLE TO STOP *YOSEMITE* AND HIS GOONS FROM CALLING THE JAM.

THEY NEED TO SIT DOWN ON THEIR SKATES, DIG IN DEEP AND HOLD THEIR GROUND IF THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE ANY CHANCE AT ALL.

ZRBSSTT

POP

?!

I DON'T BELIVE IT. \T LOOKS LIKE THE SIRENS ARE MOUNTING A COMEBACK! HOLY ROLA \S BACK ON THE TRACK AND GAINING GROUND.

NOW JUTTTHT ONE COTTON-PICKIN MINUTE. I PAID FOR A TICKET TO A SHOW, NOT A *SODASHOWER* WITH A *POPCORN GARNISH*. WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?

THIS WAS 100% TTHILK! *IT'S A PIERRE CARDUCK!* I EXTTHPECT TO BE REIMBURTTHED! DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO CALL MY-

RUMBLE

RUMBLE

RUMBLE

LAWYER?

CRASH!

ROLLER RINK

AND DID I MENTION A LITTLE BIT STRANGE?!

TWEET TWEET TWEET TWEET

WITH GOSSOMORRAH OUT OF COMMISSION, HOLY ROLA CALLS THE JAM AND THE SIRENS WIN!

CHEER! CHEER! CHEER!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE WITNESSED THE MOST UNBELIEVABLE TURNAROUND IN THE HISTORY OF ROLLER DERBY HERE TONIGHT.

FINAL SCORE: SIRENS 5, HEELS 4.

SI-RENS!

SI-RENS!

SI-RENS!

FINE PIECE, I SAY, *FINE PIECE* OF SKATING THERE, YOUNG LADY. I ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD IT IN 'YA.

YEAH, BABY, I COULDN'T BE MORE PROUD.

YOU D-D-DIDI-DIDID--DIDIT, LOLA!

YOU SAVED DE TRACK AND SENT THAT VATO YOSEMITE PACKING WITH HIS BEARD BETWEEN HIS LEGS.

WELL, BUGS, YOU COULD BE MORE PROUD-EXCEPT YOU LEFT *HALF YOUR PRIDE* OUT THERE ON TURN THREE WHEN WERE SUCKING WIND AND BEGGING FOR A SUB.

DON'T THINK I DIDN'T NOTICE.

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

# LOST & FOUND

BY SHOLLY FISCH & DARRAN ROBINSON

DURING TITANIC BATTLES BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL, IT'S HARD TO KEEP STUFF FROM FALLING OUT OF YOUR *POCKETS*. THAT'S WHEN PEOPLE CALL ME-- ***DETECTIVE CHIMP!***

CAN YOU FIGURE OUT THE CLUES AND HELP ME RETURN THESE LOST OBJECTS TO THE HEROES OR VILLAINS WHO OWN THEM? I'VE SOLVED THE FIRST ONE TO GET YOU STARTED.

A

LOST!

ONE JESTER'S CAP AND A GIANT MALLET!

PLEASE RETURN TO:

B

MISSING!

ONE GLOWING GREEN RING

PLEASE RETURN TO GREEN LANTERN

C

URGENT!! LOST!!

ONE PENNY (APPROX. 30 FEET TALL)

30FT

PLEASE RETURN TO...

D

LOST!

ONE TRIDENT "SLIGHTLY DAMP"

IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN TO:

E

LOST!

Two bulletproof metal bracelets!

Return to:

F

MISSING!!

LARGE BOTTLE WITH ALIEN CITY INSIDE (HANDLE WITH CARE)

RETURN TO:

DID YOU GET THEM ALL? *NICE DETECTING!*

MAYBE I SHOULD CALL YOU-- *DETECTIVE HUMAN!*

ALL CHARACTERS TM & © DC COMICS (s19)

ANSWERS: A) HARLEY QUINN B) GREEN LANTERN C) BATMAN D) AQUAMAN E) WONDER WOMAN F) SUPERMAN

# SHAZAM
WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL

**SECRET IDENTITY:**
BILLY BATSON

**POWERS/ABILITIES:**
NEAR INVULNERABILITY
ENCHANCED INTELLECT
FLIGHT

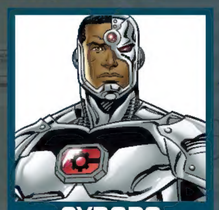
**AFFILIATIONS:**
JUSTICE LEAGUE
SQUADRON OF JUSTICE
JUSTICE SOCIETY

**STATISTICS:**
STRENGTH
SPEED
AGILITY
INTELLIGENCE

**WEAPON:**
MAGIC LIGHTNING

**ALLIES.....**

SUPERMAN


CYBORG

**FOES.....**

BLACK ADAM

MR. MIND

# BLACK ADAM
IMMORTAL VILLAIN

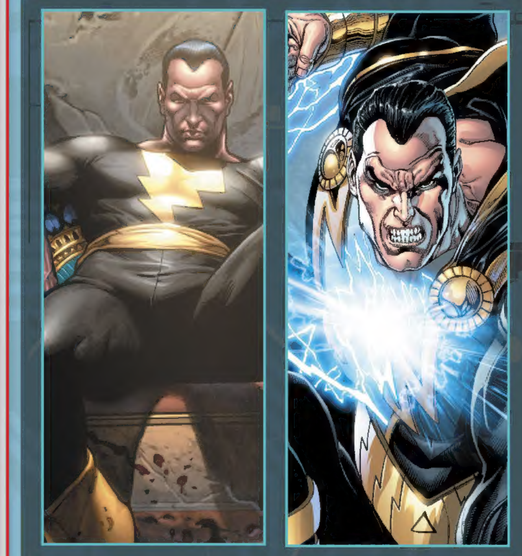
**SECRET IDENTITY:**
THEO ADAM

**POWERS/ABILITIES:**
NEAR INVULNERABILITY
GENIUS-LEVEL INTELLECT
SUPERHUMAN SPEED

**AFFILIATIONS:**
SUICIDE SQUAD
INJUSTICE SOCIETY
KAHNDAQ

**STATISTICS:**
STRENGTH
SPEED
AGILITY
INTELLIGENCE

**WEAPON:**
MAGIC LIGHTNING



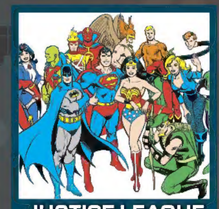
**ALLIES.....**

VANDAL SAVAGE

SUICIDE SQUAD

**FOES.....**

SHAZAM


JUSTICE LEAGUE

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# ENTERTAINMENT FOR EVERYONE

## SCOOBY-DOO, WHERE ARE YOU? #99

An overnight ride through the mountains on a vintage train. An assortment of weird and eerie passengers. And an elusive ghost that stalks the train at night. Can Scooby and the gang untangle the baffling mystery to figure out which passenger is behind it all before they reach their station and everyone leaves? Or will things just keep getting "Muddier on the Disoriented Express"?

©HB (s19)

## TEEN TITANS GO! #35

Robin's appalled when he finds Cyborg and Beast Boy "Dropping Stuff Down a Hole," but it gets worse when they discover why that hole appeared! And Raven's bummed that her teammates are trying to hire a magic user...is she about to be kicked off the team? Not if her "Disappearing Act" is successful!

©DC (s19)

## LOONEY TUNES #250

Baseball season is in full swing-which means it's time for two favorite teams to meet again on the old diamond. Yes, it's the Looney Tunes versus the Barnyard Dogs—and it's time for "Foggy at the Bat"!

©WB (s19)

## SCOOBY-DOO TEAM-UP #49

With his chemical shape-shifting powers, Metamorpho the Element Man is more than a match for pretty much any super-villain...except maybe a huge elemental monster with shape-shifting powers of its own! It's up to the gang to solve the mystery and unmask the monster—once Scooby and Shaggy stop running in terror from both the monster and Metamorpho, that is!

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# SON OF ULTRON

# "THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"